Vol. III. No. 38. Total 142.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *September* 17, 1803.

The Shrubbery.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

OUR voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island, and looked into every bay. Each stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left not a second of vacancy, and evening had overshadowed them with her last and deepest shade before they landed.

When Melmoth retired to his chamber and reviewed the little incidents of the past day, the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book and penciled on a slip of paper the following lines;

THE BLACKBIRDS:
AN ELEGY.

SPRING had return'd and nature smil'd,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
All was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.

'Twas then a Blackbird and his mate
In a seringo built their nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat,
With trembling wings and heaving breast.

Two chirpers soon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love;
The pleasing task the parents share,
And range for food the blossom'd grove.

Returning thro' a shrubby mead,
The gentle pair, with anguish saw
Their little ones expiring bleed,
Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
Deaf to the sweet pathetic sound
The plund'rer still retain'd her prey.

"Whither, ah! whither shall we fly?
"Life has no value now," they sung;
"We'll melt the murd'rer's heart, and die
"With wings stretch'd fondly o'er our young."

When he had finished he thought something was still wanting;—he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do; the string was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair.

In the morning when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it, with a smile, into her bosom. But the smile betray'd a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy!—inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought! ye alone can tell, ye, who can awake such thrilling harmony from that sweet instrument the human soul, what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures, what magnetic principle operates upon them.

It was not until three years after, when Melmoth returned from making a tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of revisiting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried.

Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval, they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved subject of their contemplation: Julia mingled in every idea;—he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand, and instantly set off for Wiltshireland.

It was toward the close of the third day when he reached the borders of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the bye-path, intending to walk up to the house through the shrubbery that he might surprise them the more agreeably.

When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of spring. The lilac was in full bloom, and the laburnum dropped its golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the almond appeared above the rest, and were finely relieved by the fresh verdure of their foliage.

Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired when he first walked under their shade; and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench on which he sat when the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step.

When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he inquired eargerly if Mr. Hartop were within; "No, Sir," she replied, he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave?" His daughter's grave! interrupted Melmoth in a faultering voice. "Miss Julia's, Sir, she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens into the church yard."

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was the cold point of a dagger

at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply, his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes he had cherished so long were now extinguished, and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience, humility, and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned,—he burst the gate open and rushed violently through.

As he hurried along the path that winded among the tomb-stones, his eyes looked round involuntary for the objects on which they most dreaded to fix; and soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a circle round a grave on one side. It was an interesting group, and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures that composed it. They were villagers whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few steps before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand.

There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness—except now and then when a tear stole down his cheek and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man struggling with adversity, and rising amidst all its efforts to depress him, is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the Divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave and looked eagerly in; the frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton; who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment with his foot lifted up on his spade.

Melmoth kept bending over with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin.—Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—he had seen her walk—her eyes, now for ever closed, beam with benevolence and love; and who could not have interpreted their language!—they had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten spaces when his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look. It was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more; for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment,—he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was tuned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the parsonage house he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to inquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so strongly affected him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined the year before by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her in a decline.

When Melmoth came up to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades which she rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object, he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well known voice

"Sweet as the Shepherd's pipe upon the hills."

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every waterfall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feeling, and he threw himself on a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul.

He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance even for a moment with virtue, should have shown him unworthy of it; but to go abroad to linger so long in a foreign country; to seek the society of strangers—while Julia was alive; this betrayed such insensibilty that he could never forgive himself.

He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed, his name cut on its bark.—Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia.—The idea, of his having wronged her was more than he could bear—every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his penknife, and wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his name.

"This tree, said he, "shall not bear such a memorial of her affection without an accompanying one of mine." By the time that he had finished he had acquired some degree of composure, and ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door he found it open, and stepped into the hall. He waited a few minutes for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come; and, after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eye cast down, in the attitude of meditation—The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensation he then felt.—When he looked round on the furniture and saw every chair and table, every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom, and touched at a thousand points; he trembled, and would have given the world to go back.

He made an effort to speak, but the words he would have uttered died on his lips.—Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came—"You are come, Sir," said he, "to a house of mourning; but, I hope, you will not repent your visit: the obligation it confers is deeply felt. I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter;"—he paused—"I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such meekness did the dear lamb bear it all:"—he paused again: nature melted within him at the thought: it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes.

"But I am not without consolation," he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the hand to a bible, that lay open on the table, "I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and happier world, never, never to be parted."

He cast a look upward as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. "I was charged," said he, "to deliver this to you, Sir, as soon

as the original was no more. She drew it herself, a little before she died; and in her last moments, she intrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had once wished to be united."

Melmoth gazed on her miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature, till imagination gave it life. He saw again that face with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him he should see no more; and he forgot for a moment that he held only the semblance in his hand.

"Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
"Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd!"

Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion: a robin at that instant flew down to pick up up some crumbs that had been thrown on the grass-plot—It was Julia's—He burst into tears.

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered; and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife, and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot.

Melmoth immediately returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, soon dispelled the gloom which hung over his mind; but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and often, in his brightest moments, when the image of Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

FROM THE LONDON STAR.

Anecdotes of Bonaparte.

FOR the following anecdotes, we are indebted to a gentleman, lately from Paris, and who had good opportunities of ascertaining their truth. Our readers may rely on their authenticity.

The Consul is in general very cool and reserved: he is so much dreaded, that his appearance throws a gloom over the circles at St. Cloud. The Ladies sit, and all the gentlemen stand. When card parties are formed, it is not allowed to play for money. This is a singular piece of affection, when we consider that gambling is allowed all over the Republic, and that a duty of 40 per cent, on Gambling tables is appropriated to the support of the Consul's Lady. One evening's *converzaione* may serve for a sample. The company was just entering on that easy chit-chat so natural to the French, and were forming into little groups for the purpose, when the Consul appeared. Hush—was every breath: every party dispersed. —The ceremonial was over. Madam Bonaparte did every thing she could to keep up converation, but all in vain. A dry Yes or No was all she could obtain. Then the Consul took one of his Generals apart and conferred long on politics. The company sat mute till eleven, when the ladies being completely tired with the scene, made signs to each other, but none had courage to break up. At length Madam put her fingers on her eyes, which the Ladies understanding as the approach of Morpheus, got up, and with many curtsies retired in silence.

One lady had appeared in an elegant Indian muslin, which was admired by every body. Bonaparte entering, observed, with a sneer, that it was a very good morning dress. On court day all must appear in sumptuous silks, satins, embroidery, jewels, &c. Gentlemen were the bag, *chapeau de bras*, and sword.

A gentleman received notice that he must hold himself in readiness to depart on a secret mission: but being for several reasons very averse to such an office, he wished, but knew not how, to decline it. A Lady who was daily at court, undertook to prevail on Madam Bonaparte to deliver a letter to her husband on the subject. The gentleman wrote his letter of thanks and of refusal, in the most submissive terms. This letter his friend gave to Consul's Lady, as agreed, begging her to deliver it when she could find her husband in good humour. But having mentioned this stept to a General in the immediate confidence of Bonapare; "What have you done, Madam?" said he, "You know not what an imperious Master, we have got to deal with. If your friend refuses any one post that is offered him, he is undone for ever. Take my advice; lose no time to see Madam Bonaparte, and beg her to return you the letter, if not too late." The Lady accordingly did wait on Madam, who received her very graciously. "I know what you want," said she, "here is your letter again. I could have delivered it, but I know the General too well; and I was sure, that on second thoughts, you would approve of my conduct."

One of the first noblemen in France, who had saved a very large fortune, notwithstanding his great losses in the Revolution, returned to Paris from England on being erased from the list of Emigrants. He was living in stile, dreading no evil, when all at once he received orders to retire 40 leagues from Paris, and to signifiy to the Grand Judge the place he chose for his residence. He immediately waited on the Grand Judge, and expressed his astonishment at an order which he had not the least idea how he had deserved. The Grand Judge finally told him, it was because he was suspected of having a pension from England. The nobleman positively denied the charge, and wondered how it could be supposed that a man of his appearance need to stoop for the pittance of a monthly guinea to any one. Being asked if he would give his word of honour to that effect, he readily assented: and even gave a written declaration, asserting upon his honour, that he never received any pension from England or any where else. With this declaration, the Grand Judge ventured to wait on Bonaparte, and to remonstrate. But his Consular Majesty flying into a passion, dismissed him with this reply, "When I give orders, I expect to be obeyed." *Quand je donne des orders je veaux qu'on obesse*—And obeyed he was, for the poor ex-noble was obliged to move.

One day on a hunting party, Bonaparte, offended at some trifling circumstance, struck with his whipt at one of the guards de chassee, who, by the bye, are generally the same that were employed in the days of Royalty—the chasseur very properly resented the insult, saying in a tone of reproach: "*Jamaisle ci de vant ne m'a traite comme cela,*" and clapping spurs to his horse, contemptuously rode past the Consul. It is added, that the latter cooling soon after, rode up to the man and apologized. For the latter part I cannot vouch.

The Consul is so gloomy and distrustful, that every one of his household dreads and hates him; while at Malmaison none of the guards or servants could pass or repass within the house, without tickets; and Madam Bonaparte, who is good natured and obliging, was applied to for those cards. But often the sentinels disputed her authority. She is treated most despotically, and never interferes in politics, but the domesties would go through fire and water for her.

In a celebrated treatise on Farriery, which has run through 12 editions, is a chapter expressly on the diseases of the *gall-bladder* of a horse; when, lo! and behold from the more scientific investigation of the Veterinary College, it comes out, a little unluckily, that the horse has *no* gall-bladdar at all!

Lon. Pap.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 13.

" Faveté hunc extremum laborem."

I SHALL for this day's Contemplator present my readers with the following elegant imitation of the *" Otium Divos"* of Horace, thinking it could not fail of being acceptable to them. It was written by Mr. Warren Hastings, who acquired so great celebrity in the East Indies.

For ease the harrass'd seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding wave;
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The cracking mast, and sees, or fears,
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils,
And hardier Selk erratic toils,
While both their ease forego:
For ease which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither gold nor gems combin'd,
Can heal the soul or suffering mind—
Lo! where their owner lies
Perch'd on his couch, distemper breathes,
And care, like smoke, in turbid wreathes,
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliss possess'd;
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread
Far as the paths of knowledge lead—
And wise as well as bless'd.

* * * * * *

Short is our span; then why engage
In schemes for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by fate design'd?
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will,
And discontent attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives:
At sea, care follows in the wind;
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age *Clive* liv'd renown'd,
With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
His valour's well-earn'd meed.
Too long, alas! he liv'd to hate
His envi'd lot, and died too late
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was *Elliot's* doom;
I saw his opening virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold
Too soon to fade. I bade the stone
Record his name, 'midst hordes unknown,
Unknowing what was told.

To thee perhaps the fates may give,
I wish they may, in health to live,
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine,
With these the muse, already thine,
Her present bounty yields.

For me, O *Shore*, I only claim
To merit, not to seek for fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant
Health, leisure, peace and ease.

The *Contemplator* now appears for the last time. I had intended when I recommenced its publication, after an absence of four weeks, to have continued it longer than I have; but circumstances have occurred which render that inconvenient, and I now bid my readers an eternal farewell. PHILADELPHUS.

In the last number of the Contemplator, for *Mana Tuero* read *Mana Fuero*.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Lucubrator, No. 5.

ON DEATH.

——————" *This* shape.—
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb—
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For *this* seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

AT a time when our fellow mortals are hourly snatched away from their weeping relatives and friends, some without having time to make the necessary preparations for so great a change; when we observe the many instances of sudden death which have occurred within a few days past; we naturally enquire, if those victims to the " king of terrors" appeared to be qualified to stand at the bar of an offended Judge? there to hear their final sentence pronounced.—Alas! we find, (speaking generally) they were only a few days previous immersed in the follies and pleasures of this vain world, as if their lives had been at their own disposal, and could be prolonged many years.—Vain and giddy mortals!.....

The grim tyrant Death, with hasty strides, is now marching through this ill-fated and unfortunate city; perhaps you or I may be the next victim to his unsparing hand. The contemplation of this scene shews how well prepared we ought to be for this awful event. But—how *few* are in a *suitable* condition to meet their MAKER!—how many unthinking young men are there whose *whole* attention is absorbed in the vain and imaginary pleasures of a terrestrial world!—some of whom, one moment are taking the name of the great JEHOVAH into their sinful and defiled lips, and the next are called to a bed of sickness.—What an awful thought!.....

In this situation let us for a moment contemplate the state of mind of one of these unthinking youths....He is naturally led to consider his past life; it has been perhaps a continual scene of profaneness, intemperance and riot; the retrospect is horrible! so much so, that he is ready to despair of pardon. The agitation of his mind increases his disorder; fain would he hope for a recovery, but knows his hopes would be vain! Fain would he take refuge in the mists of Deism or Atheism; but cannot, knowing how absurd and unreasonable such a refuge would be. Thus despairing of life, and finding his end approaching, his imagination paints in terrific colours, that state to which he is enevitably hastening. The period advances in which he must leave this world!—He dies! a death of horror! * * * * *

Let us turn from this dreadful picture, and view the end of the religious man.... When on the bed of death he can look with a placid and serene eye on his past life; his mind is calm and tranquil, although his body is tortured with disease. He has a strong and *well-founded* hope, that should his malady terminate fatally, his incorruptible part will reach the mansions of the blessed, and become an inhabitant of those regions where " sin and sorrow" find no entrance. He looks forward to that period with satisfaction;—Death strikes the fatal blow! and behold the victim smiles on the brink of the grave, confident that his Saviour will receive his soul, and that he shall obtain the " crown of glory" promised to those who love their Redeemer, and who walk uprightly before God.

Thus, reader, have I given you a partial view, in contrast, of the death of the upright man and the death of the sinner. Would you wish to end your days peaceably, and free from that terror and dread which is the companion of the irreligious and wicked? then let your life be irreproachable and blameless before men, and your walk humble before God—Avoid the scenes of intemperance, blasphemy and

wickedness; then will your years run sweetly down the vale of life; and when *age* cometh on—patiently

"Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore."

S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

(CONCLUDED.)

IF blessed with health, the indigent fear no change of fortune; for whatever change may take place, they remain in their former condition, or are exalted to a better. Should the desolating course of war spread ruin and devastation through their country, it affects them the least of all; they can suffer no evils to which the affluent are not equally liable, while they have no estates, the possession of which may gratify the avarice of some ruthless and unfeeling conqueror. They enjoy no posts of honour or profit, dependent on the government, which they fear to lose; their humble situation protects them, it hides them from the conqueror's view. While the great stand, like lofty pines of the forest, exposed to the utmost fury of the sanguinary tempest; and while they are scattered and destroyed, the indigent, like the pliant reed, bend beneath the blast and escape its fury.

Suppose rich and poor are stripped of all they possess, the poor man, while health and sound limbs are left him, can return to his long accustomed labours; but the rich man, bred to no employment, cannot guide the plough, or bear the toils of labour. Here his situation is certainly not enviable. —The former can say, like the porter in an old English song I read some years ago, who being asked by a soldier what he intended to do, should the Pretender conquer England, said,

"Why, what I have done before,
What I have done these thirty years and more;
Do, what I'm like to do, carry my pack,
Glad to maintain my belly by my back;
If that but hold, I care not, for my part,
Come as it may, 'tshall never break my heart;
I don't see folks who fight about their thrones,
Care for a soldier's flesh, or a porter's bones.

Here the contentment which frequently dwells in the bosoms of the children of poverty, is well and truly expressed; and it is this alone which makes them so careless and so happy.

But it may be asked, why do we find no more contentment among the affluent, who enjoy so many blessings, and are exempted from so many of the cares, which must be the lot of poverty? This question is not very easily answered; it was the opinion of Dr. Goldsmith, that the distribution of worldly wealth was unworthy the care of Providence, consequently, that riches were neither given to make us happy, nor poverty to make us miserable. Perhaps few will subscribe to this opinion; but when we find men, who have more than would be sufficient to satisfy the desires of a rational mind, incessantly toiling for wealth, even to the last hour of their existence, and clinging to it as though it would purchase a happy immortality; can we think, in this case, that Heaven, if it has given them wealth, gave it to make them happy? When on the other hand, we find the children of poverty labouring under so many evils and inconveniences, pass through life, with hearts at ease for the most part, and brows unclouded with care, does it not add strength to his opinion? does it not appear that Heaven has dealt out its favours with an *equal* hand; and where it has denied wealth has given contentment as an equivalent?

After thus digressing, I come directly to the question. Perhaps the best answer that can be given to it, may be drawn from a consideration of the well known power of custom over the human mind. When men have become accustomed to the possession of wealth, and its daily increase, it begets in them a habit of avarice; they continually look forward to a fortune still greater than they enjoy, and the want of this, which they so earnestly desire, produces discontentment. (To this rule however there are exceptions.) On the other hand reasoning from the same principle, those in lower circumstances, become accustomed to their condition; nor do they often look forward to a better. They are accustomed to rely on their own exertions, and the favour of Heaven for their support; this enables them to bear up against the pressure of evils with fortitude and confidence. Even when they attempt (as most men do) to search the volume of futurity, should they see that they will probably be exposed to many privations, yet they have perhaps struggled against similar evils before, and they trust, that the same Power which assisted them in one case, will help them in another. It is true, there is no situation in which man may be placed, where hope is not his companion; and it may be argued, that when man derives his happiness from the illusions, or, if you will, the pleasures of hope, it presupposes his mind not altogether contented with his condition, as it enjoys the prospect of a better But here the strength of this objection is lost; for admitting the existence of hope, yet she does not promise them any determinate good, more than they enjoy. The promised benefit is vague and undefined; perhaps it may amount to a promise that matters will not go worse than formerly. The emotion excited in the mind, may perhaps be compared to that which gives the soldier, when rushing on to battle, a prospect of returning in safety: he sees no reason why he should not perish, no good reason to inspire him with the confidence he feels: so does the indigent man, see no ground for the hope, that he will escape the calamities of life, or support their weight—except that both the former and latter have escaped the same dangers before.

The question, who is the happiest? is still hard to determine. If we seek contentment in the palaces of the great, the dwellings of mediocrity, and the humblest sheds which shelter the poorest of mankind, we find ourselves in some measure disappointed in each. The only rule which can be given to direct us in our search, is the following:—Endeavour to accustom yourself to take things as you find them; repine not at whatever may happen; form no wishes which you are not sure will be gratified; form no enterprise but such as you are sure will be crowned with success; and do nothing which may embitter the hours of solitude and reflection.

What! says the reader, is Carlos mad? he would have us to be mere machines, to have no will, no hope, no expectation; do nothing but what is absolutely necessary; make no opposition to whatever may occur; but set down like poor dogs, who lick the hand who beats them,—quiet under every injury.

Yes, reader, this is my meaning; but rest assured I am in my sober senses. If you will not take things as you find them, you cannot be contented; for you will meet with many a rugged path, many an obstruction in the journey of life, and if you determine to remove them, you form an enterprise; and while you are doubtful of its success, you cannot be contented. Even when death deprives you of all you hold dear, you must not repine, you must remain as insensible to feeling, as rocks are to the sighs of lovers, or the dripping of their tears. If you can follow these directions you stand a good chance to be contented and happy.

Alas! poor me, I think I hear you exclaim, I can never be contented, and none but a fool can; for who but a fool—who that enjoys the gift of reason can?—None, most certainly. It follows then, that no one can be perfectly contented? I answer, None, no not one. Who can bear the unavoidable evils of life, and not be sensible of their weight. Though you may be contented with your portion of the good things of this world, which is the generally received opinion of the word contentment, yet, can you be contented when you see your friends struggling in vain with disease? Can you see them deposited in the darksome chambers of the dead, and not feel the precious drops of sensibility bedew your cheeks? Will your heart remain untouched with the loss of those connexions, which once you held so dear? If you are a patriot, will you see the liberty of your country destroyed, will you see its glories levelled with the dust, and your countrymen led captive by some haughty tyrant, and not raise your arm to arrest the progress of destruction and woe? Can you sit down patiently and contented, and never give scope to the energies of your mind? Will you make no enquiry into all the wonders which nature has spread before you? Will you, if capable, neglect to benefit mankind? Are you insensible to that fame which is the reward of well-doing?—If it is possible your soul can be insensible to all these generous and noble impressions, then be contented—be happy—let your days roll on in sloth, inactivity, and insensibility; I envy you not; I would not purchase contentment itself on such dear terms—No, perish the thought! never will I indulge it a moment: tho' in pursuing a different course, I should suffer much, yet I will suffer as a man; and the sweet intervals of peace I enjoy, and the great reward which such a life will certainly insure me, will be better than a life passed in unfeeling inactivity.

To conclude—It appears to me, as I imagine it does to many more, that to be perfectly contented in every situation of life is impossible, and quite contrary to our nature: yet, lest some one might blame Providence for placing us in a situation where we cannot be contented, let me relate a short story extracted from ———'s *Travels over land to India*. I shall relate only the sense, as I have not the work by me. As the author, (whose name I cannot now remember) was walking in the city of Augsburgh, his mind being occupied with an imaginary plan for the peace and happiness of mankind, he fell into a profound reverie. Awaking from which, he found himself at the door of a convent; an obliging monk invited him to his cell, and set before him refreshments of various kinds. The conversation naturally led to the motive which brought our traveller to a place where he did not intend to go. Being informed, and the plan opened to him,—to his astonishment, the monk told him the execution of his plan would be productive of infinite ill. He was desired to explain himself: he observed, that though man suffered so many evils in this life, yet still it is dear, very dear to him; and he strives to prolong it to its utmost extent. Even when nature, exhausted, is no longer able to preserve the union of soul and body, he quits the scene with regret, and mourns the hour that relieves him from partial misery. Now, continued he, if this life, mingled as our passage through it is with sorrow, is quitted with regret, what would be the consequence if unmixed bliss was our portion?—The parting hour would be dreadful; and instead of being, as it frequently is, a passport from misery to bliss, it would be considered as the worst change which could happen us. Has not then, said he, Providence wisely and kindly ordained woe to be an ingredient in the cup of life, that we might be able to quit it with the less reluctance and regret? CARLOS.

The Querist, No. 6.

ENQUIRY XVI.

[*For the preceding No. see Vol. ii. page* 246.]

MR. HOGAN,

AN old Correspondent to your entertaining and useful paper, has lately returned to town, with a view once more to live here; but hearing that the Yellow Fever has again began its ravages, and partaking of the general alarm excited by its *supposed* existence; also hearing such warm disputes among the citizens, and contentions even among the *gentlemen of the faculty* about "CONTAGION;" and further, finding from the report of the Board of Health, lately published, that the gentlemen who compose the Board, consider the disorder which presently afflicts the city, not to be of a *contagious* nature,—he is anxious to have his mind satisfied on so important a point: He would therefore be extremely obliged to any of your correspondents, who would be good enough to inform him what is meant, or intended to be meant, by the word "CONTAGION?" or, how a disease, that experience convinces us, may be, and actually is, communicated from one person to another, can be said, or shewn, upon the principles of common sense, NOT TO BE CONTAGIOUS? *QUERIST.*

PHILADELPHIA,
SEPTEMBER 17, 1803.

Health of the City.

A FEVER of a malignant nature has made its appearance in various parts of the City; and, in a number of instances, it has proved fatal. A variety of opinions exist respecting its origin, its nature, and its contagious quality. The public mind is much agitated on these topics, and a considerable number of removals have taken place in the course of the week. Three persons were admitted into the City Hospital on the 13th, seven on the 14th, and several others on the 15th and 16th; but, (from whatever cause it may have arisen) the Board of Health have not made any report of the number of cases or deaths. This circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, has contributed to keep alive and increase the general agitation and alarm; as the citizens have no other source of correct information, and vague and contradictory reports are constantly in circulation.

The issuing Bills of Health from this port, is suspended.

The intercourse between this City and Wilmington is interdicted; and also between this City and Baltimore.

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

September 9. Twenty new cases, and nine deaths.
September 10. Twenty-six new cases, and ten deaths.
September 12. For the last 48 hours—Fifty-three new cases, and eleven deaths.
September 13. Twenty-four new cases, and 13 deaths.
September 14. Seventeen new cases, and 14 deaths.
September 15. Twelve new cases, and ten deaths.

List of Deaths in New-York, from the 3d to the 10th inst. inclusive—Adults, 80; Children, 37—Total, 117. Of these 55 were of the fever.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 12th inst. at sunrise—Adults, 8; Children, 12—Total, 20.

A malignant fever at present prevails in Alexandria, in Virginia. By a Report of the physicians to the Health-Office, it appears, that since the 20th of August to the 12th inst. they have had 104 cases of fever, only 13 of which have termined fatally.

[*From the Wilmington Mirror.*

MOSCHETOES.

AN ingenious citizen of this Borough has furnished the editor of the Mirror with the following simple remedy for the torment and inconvenience occasioned by those little disturbers of our repose, the Moschetoes:

Take a common table-spoonful of spirits of turpentine and throw it into your water hogsheads, and in every other place where there is stagnated water, (about the same proportion for a larger surface) repeat it every 5 or 6 days, and it will effectually prevent their propagation.

He remarks, that it would be useless to urge the utility and even necessity of giving this experiment a fair trial, to those who for one or two seasons past, particularly the last, have felt all the painful embarrassments of those troublesome inmates.

He states the opinion that they are mostly bred in the marshes to be erroneous, and says that the number bred there are small in proportion to those raised in water-hogsheads, &c. He informs us that he has seen from 8 to 10,000 in a single hogshead. They take wing in about 48 hours after the egg is deposited, and give place to as many more. The period of their breeding is about ten weeks. Allowing that there are 200 receptacles in this town in which Moschetoes breed, and this is a very moderate allowance, it results that 70,000,000 would be produced in one season, which is about 14,000 to one inhabitant.

BY late arrivals from England, it appears that a dreadful rebellion took place in Dublin, on the 23d July, by a mob consisting of not less than 4000 persons, who, it is said, acted with the ferocity of savages, upon a deep-laid and desperately concerted plan. Lord Kilwarden (the Chief Justice of Ireland) and his nephew the Rev. Richard Wolfe, were dragged from their carriage into the street and stabbed to death with pikes; 40 other persons experienced the same fate; and the rebels were not subdued until great havoc had been made amongst them by the military. 30,000 pikes and 10,000 uniform dresses have since been discovered and seized. [*N. York pap.*

IT is supposed that gold and silver, to the amount of 80,000,000 dollars, has lately been transported to Spain, from Mexico and Peru; being equal to the produce of five years of the mines.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 18th inst. at Germantown by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. *John Jackson*, to Miss *Eliza M'Crea*, daughter of Mr. M'Crea, all of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 18th ult. in Chester county, (Pen.) *John Townsend*, aged 87 years. He had 10 children, 58 grand-children, and 33 great-grand-children. Total, 101.

——, at Litchfield, N. Y. the 29th ult. Mrs. *Mary F. Adams*, widow of Andrew Adams, Esq. (father of the late Chief Justice Adams) aged 105 years.

——, on the 6th inst. at his seat, near the old-York road, *John Steinmetz*, Esq. aged 63 years; for upwards of 40 years an eminent Merchant of this city—and for several years a representative for this city in the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

——, on the 8th inst. after a lingering illness of four days, which he suffered with unexemplary fortitude and resignation, in the 21st year of his age, Mr. *Daniel D. Beneville Lenington*, to the irreparable loss of his family and connections—Nature in the distribution of her powers, had distinguished this excellent young man with peculiar marks of her favour, and no pains were spared to inculcate upon his mind the most strict precepts of justice and humanity. Early devoted to the study of letters, his friends flattered themselves with seeing him become one of the brightest ornaments of his country; but alas! Death, unrelenting at the havoc it makes, seized its victim ere the iniquity of the world had sullied his well-spent life. No more will a fond mother contemplate the rising virtues of an only son, who was her chief solace in this transient state!—No more can his friends participate in his vivifying converse, or society reap the fruit of his assiduous researches!

——, on the 9th. inst. Mr. *Zebedee Clement* of this city, in the 23d year of his age.

——, on the 12th. inst. departed this life, at Hiltown, Bucks County, Mrs. *M'Laughlin*, the very amiable consort of the Rev. Mr. James M'Laughlin, Pastor of the Papist Church in that place.

——, on the 13th inst. *John Barry*, late Commodore in the American navy, and well known as an enterprizing and undaunted naval officer during the Revolutionary war.

——, on the 12th inst. after an illness of eight days, Mr. RICHARD WEVIL, cabinet maker and upholsterer. It painful for us, at any time, to record the decease of a friend or fellow-citizen; but when, in that decease, we have to mourn *departed worth* of no common grade, and to lament a blank in society that cannot be easily filled up—nothing is left for us, but to sit down in silent grief, and with calm resignation, to acquiesce in the wisdom and will of Heaven.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. Richard Wevil,

Who died on the 12th inst.

AS sober night came stealing on,
I took th' accustom'd evening round,
From crowded street retiring, where
Deep musing melancholy's found.

And as I pass'd yon crazy oak,
Whose years out-tell our city's age,
No vulgar sounds there seiz'd mine ear,
No heated crowd's ignoble rage:

'Twas Nature's harp attun'd to grief,
With solemn accents caught my soul—
In concert with an aged voice,
That cast a grandeur o'er the whole.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

"Thus from wealth's high and downy nest,
By adverse fortune forc'd to go,
And wander the unsheltering heath,
With others, like bedoom'd to woe.

There age, and poverty's grim train,
Did soon beset my hapless way;
Pale want with ghastly visage frown'd,
And dire disease mark'd me his prey.

On straw-cold bed, in shatter'd walls,
There W—— found me, all alone,
Imploring death, my latest friend;
For oh! my *hollow* friends were flown.

There W—— found me * thus distress'd;
With want, disease, and poignant grief:
The helping arm he did extend—
Heaven's agent, he, to bring relief.

Substantial aid he did impart;
Not "*be thou warm'd*" his empty prayer:
From brink of death, from worse,—*despair*,
He led me by his fost'ring care.

But ah! how transient earthly joys;
Our brightest sky, how soon it lours!
Alternate sunshine, clouds and storms;
Bleak frosts, soft dews, and sweeping showers.

For W——'s gone, the friend of age,
The orphan's stay, the widow's guide—
Gone to yon worlds of brighter day,
Where want or woe can ne'er reside.

Ah me! what prop will now sustain
Those aged limbs, this falling frame!
He's gone—my only earthly stay—
He's gone!—yon woods and caves exclaim.

O why has worth so short a date,
While villians ripen grey with time?
And merit crush'd by stubborn fate
In blooming youth, or manhood's prime?

'Tis done in mercy, GOD OF LOVE;
From ills to come, thy servants go:
While hard'ned sinners, fraught with crimes,
Are left on trial here below.

Cease then my soul, complain no more;
His mercy trust, who's *Lord of all:*
My passage to the grave is short—
A willing victim soon I'll fall." SCIOLUS.

NOTE.

* *Mr. Wevil was one of the most active members of the* Benevolent Society.

Benevolent Society.

A Discourse will be delivered to-morrow evening, at the Methodist Episcopal churches, ST. GEORGE, in Fourth, near New-str. and EBENEZER, in Second, between Catharine and Queen Streets:—and a collection made for the benefit of the Benevolent Society.

*** The members of the Benevolent Society are informed that a special meeting will be held this evening at the usual place, back of Arch-street Church, on business of the utmost importance. It is hoped they will generally attend.

GEORGE ORD jun.
Secretary pro. tem.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

The following poem was put into the hands of the editor some time ago, by a friend; but from the press of original matter has hitherto been neglected. It is not the worse for having been written a number of years ago, and published before; and were the editor to indulge in the modern stile of commendation, he would say, that those who cannot relish its beauties possess neither taste nor judgment.

—

THE ARBOUR.

AN ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

By Mr. Thomas Cole.

FROM DODSLEY, VOL. VI. PAGE 91.

TO these lone shades, where peace delights to dwell,
May fortune oft permit me to retreat;
Here bid the world, with all its cares, farewel,
And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.

Oft as the Summer's sun shall cheer this scene
With that mild beam which points his parting ray,
Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene—
Here share its calm 'till life's declining day.

No gladsome image then should 'scape my sight,
From these gay flow'rs, which border near my eye,
To yon bright cloud which decks with richest light
The gilded mantle of the western sky.

With ample gaze, I'd trace that ridge remote,
Where op'ning cliffs disclose the boundless main;
With earnest ken, from each low hamlet note
The steeple's summit, peeping o'er the plain.

What various works that rural landscape fill,
Where mingling hedge-rows beauteous fields inclose,
And prudent Culture, with industrious skill,
Her chequer'd scenes of crops and fallows shows.

How should I love to mark that riv'let's maze,
Thro' which it works its untaught course along:
Whilst near its grassy bank the herd shall graze,
And blithsome Milk-maid chaunt her thoughtless song.

Still would I note the shades of length'ning sheep,
As scatter'd o'er the hill's slant brow they rove;
Still note the day's last glimm'ring lustre creep
From off the verge of yonder upland grove.

Nor should my leisure seldom wait to view
The slow-wing'd rooks in homeward train succeed;
Nor yet forbear the swallow to pursue
With quicker glance close-skimming o'er the mead.

But mostly here should I delight t' explore
The bounteous laws of Nature's mystic pow'r;
Then muse on HIM who blesses all their store,
And give to solemn thoughts the sober hour.

Let Mirth unenvied laugh with proud disdain,
And deem it spleen one moment thus to waste;
If so she keep far hence her noisy train,
Nor interrupt those joys she cannot taste,

Far sweeter streams shall flow from Wisdom's spring
Than she receives from Folly's costliest bowl;
And, what delights can her chief dainties bring,
Like those which feast the heav'nly-pensive soul.

Hail Silence then! Be thou my frequent guest;
For thou art wont my gratitude to raise,
As high as Wonder can the theme suggest,
Whene'er I meditate my Maker's praise.

What joy for tutor'd Piety to learn,
All that my Christian solitude can teach,
Where weak-ey'd Reason's self may well discern
Each clearer truth the Gospel deigns to preach.

No object here but may convince the mind
Of more than thoughtful Honesty shall need;
Nor can Suspence long question here to find
Sufficient evidence to fix its creed.

'Tis GOD that gives this bow'r its awful gloom;
His arched verdure does its roof invest;
He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom;
And with His kindness makes its owner blest.

Oh! may the guidance of thy grace attend
The use of all thy bounty shall bestow;
Lest Folly should mistake its sacred end,
Or Vice convert it into means of woe.

Incline and aid me still my life to steer
As Conscience dictates what to shun or chuse;
Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,
For aught this World can give me, or refuse.

Then shall not Wealth's parade one wish excite,
For wretched State to barter peace away;
Nor vain Ambition's lure my pride invite
Beyond Contentment's humble paths to stray.

What, tho' Thy wisdom may my lot deny
The treasur'd plenty freely to dispense;
Yet, well thy goodness can that want supply
With larger portions of Benevolence.

And, sure, the heart that wills the gen'rous deed,
May all the joys of Charity command;
For she best loves from notice to recede,
And deals her unsought gifts with secret hand.

Then will I sometimes bid my fancy steal
That unclaim'd wealth no property restrains;
Soothe with fictitious aid my friendly zeal,
And realize each goodly act she feigns.

So shall I gain the gold without alloy;
Without oppression, toil, or treach'rous snares;
So shall I know its use, its pow'r employ,
And yet avoid its dangers and its cares.

And, spite of all that boastful Wealth can do,
In vain would Fortune strive the Rich to bless,
Where they not flatter'd with some distant view
Of what she ne'er can give them to possess.

E'en Wisdom's high conceit great wants would feel,
If not supplied from Fancy's boundless store;
And nought but Shame makes Pow'r itself conceal
That she, to satisfy, must promise more.

But tho' experience will not fail to show,
Howe'er its truth man's weakness may upbraid,
That what he mostly values here below,
Owes half its relish to kind Fancy's aid;—

Yet should not Prudence her light wand command,
She may too far extend her heedless flight;
For Pleasure soon shall quit her fairy-land,
If Nature's regions are not held in sight.

From Truth's abode, in search of kind deceit,
Within due limits she may safely roam;
If roving does not make her hate retreat,
And with aversion shun her proper home.

But thanks to those whose fond parental care,
To Learning's paths my youthful steps confin'd,
I need not shun a state which lets me share
Each calm delight that soothes the studious mind.

While genius lasts, *his* fame shall ne'er decay
Whose artful hand first caus'd its fruits to spread;
In lasting volumes stampt the printed lay,
And taught the Muses to embalm the dead.

To him I owe each fair instructive page,
Where Science tells me what her sons have known:
Collects their choicest works from ev'ry age,
And makes me wise with knowledge not my own.

Books, rightly us'd, may ev'ry state secure:
From Fortune's evils may our peace defend;
May teach us how to shun, or how endure,
The foe malignant, and the faithless friend.

Should rigid want withdraw all outward aid,
Kind stores of inward comfort they can bring;
Should keen Disease life's tainted stream invade,
Sweet to the soul from them pure health may spring.

Should both at once Man's weakly frame infest,
Some letter'd charm may still relief supply;
'Gainst all events prepare his patient breast,
And make him quite resign'd, to live, or die.

For, tho' no words can Time or Fate restrain;
No sounds suppress the call of Nature's voice;
Tho' neither Rhymes, nor Spells, can conquer pain,
Nor Magic's self make Wretchedness rejoice;—

Yet Reason, while it forms the subtile plan,
Some purer source of pleasure to explore,
Must deem it vain for that poor pilgrim, Man,
To think of resting 'till his journey's o'er:—

Must deem each fruitless toil by Heav'n design'd
To teach him where to look for real bliss;
Else why should Heav'n excite the hope to find
What baulk'd pursuit must here for ever miss?

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*